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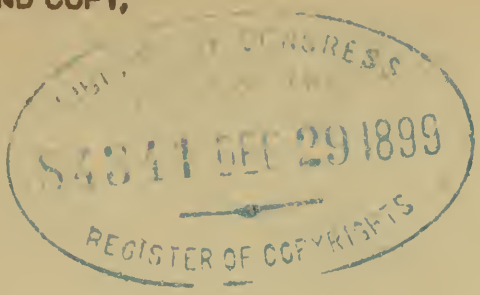

"BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS."

Compiled by
ALICE BRAGG STURDY
From the Writings of
RHODA ANGELINE BENTON

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
PUBLISHED BY THE MEDIUM
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Rhoda Angeline Benton.

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Rhoda Angeline Benton, the daughter of Noah Lester Benton and Prissilla Hall Benton, was born in Cornwall, Addison county, Vermont, November 27, 1819.

The oldest of eight children, she was even as a very little girl noted for her amiable and happy disposition, her love of flowers and animals and indeed of all nature. When tired in mind or body, she would seek some quiet spot, remote from all but God and in silence find strength and rest. She could adapt herself to her surroundings, becoming interested in a little child's amusements and entertaining it as well as if she were its own age, or become equally interested in an aged person discovering what entertained and interested him most. She had the faculty of making all whom she met, no matter how illiterate, feel perfectly at ease in her presence. The poorest and most unattractive persons were even sought by her as she seemed to love to cheer their lives by her congenial presence. She attended the district school of Cornwall, Vermont, until about twelve years of age, when she entered a Seminary at Vergennes. Here she became acquainted with her dear friend, Mary Roberts, to whom one of her poems is addressed. After about a year spent in Vergennes she entered Middleberry Female College, where she remained about two years. She was far advanced in knowledge and her mind was matured beyond her years, as can be seen by her writings as early as fourteen.

At the age of sixteen she commenced teaching school in a little village a few miles from her home. It was while here she wrote "On being Engaged in Teaching."

On account of her mother's poor health her family, including herself, moved to Nashville, Ill., but so great was her attachment to certain friends in her

Eastern home that it was a very great sorrow to leave them.

After moving West she taught school in a Seminary at Belleville, Ill., for one year and was engaged to teach the following year had she lived. During the vacation one of her sisters became very ill and while the family were daily expecting her death her father, very suddenly after a few hours' illness, died. She had always been especially devoted to her father, and being a person of such deep affection, it is supposed that her grief occasioned by his death was the cause of her own, as she only lived one week after her father died. The morning of her death, while the family were at breakfast, she came to the bedside of her sick sister, Ruby Ann, whom she found weeping over their recent loss. After comforting her she arose, saying: "Be a good girl, you will get well first," walked across the room and laid down. The doctor entered at this moment, but instead of stopping at the bedside of the sick girl whom he had called to see, hastened across the room and spoke to Angeline. She answered him, saying: "I am better," and died before the doctor could call any of the family.

She was engaged to be married to a Mr. William Rider, a banker of Belleville, who never outgrew the sadness caused by her death. He erected a handsome tombstone in memory of her near her home in Nashville, Ill.

Her writings have been treasured by my mother and as I have often loved to read them and been highly elevated in thought while doing so, I felt that they were too beautiful to be kept hidden away any longer. I hope all who read her "Beautiful Thoughts" will feel that they have been lifted upon a higher plane of thought and will derive much good from them. ALICE BRAGG STURDY.

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TWILIGHT.

—o—

Written at the age of 14 years.

Now, on the hills and mountain tops
The Sun's last rays are streaming,
While o'er the glen's embosomed rocks
Her beams are faintly gleaming;
All o'er the earth—with verdure spread,
Enclosed by Heaven's blue ceiling,
With gentle steps, and holy tread
Is silent twlight stealing.

Twilight—I hail once more thy power
Once more the cup o'erflowing
With sweetest musings for thy hour
Of nature's own bestowing.
Thy hour—the lovliest in time—
When earth we cease from prizing
And up to Heaven's all radiant clime
Our holiest thoughts are rising.

This stillest season—when the day
Its weary arms is folding
And trees and flowers with breezes play
Their silent concourse holding,
When Nature's pleased surveying eye
In transports pure, is gazing
Upon the blue but fading sky,
Thy shadowy veil is hazing.

What bosom e'er so base or mild
With grief or vengeance fuming
In thee, will not find soothings mild?
With thee, hold sweet communing?
But Oh, how blest the Christian soul
From busy haunts retreating,
That in thy hour finds highest joy
With higher spirits meeting.

Oh may I ever love, as now
Thy charms to be admiring—
And ever love my dusky friend
With thee, to be retiring.
Ye powers above—be witnesses now—
While I am consecrating
To sacred themes with firmest vow
This hour of Heaven's best making.
Cornwall, June 4, 1838.

CONTENTMENT.

Written at the age of 14 years.

Contentment: Who regards it as his own?
Or who can say with conscience undisturbed
It ever finds an unmolested
Habitation in my heart? Who can tell
Of it, as though through all the changes of
This ever-varying life, it never were
A stranger, and had ever been tenacious
Of a seat within his bosom? Not he
Whose learning traverses creations wide
And ample field of intellectual
Stores; not he whose wealth is in his earthly
Goods and whose possessions glitter in the
Brightest gold; Nor he who loves the greeting
Soul-alluring pleasures of a foolish
World, and has at his command all pleasure
That the heart can wish or fancy can
Imagine. But he whose better knowledge
Is experience, whose wealth is virtue,
And whose pleasure, love of him who loves the
Humble heart, and watches with paternal
Kindness o'er the human race.

THE BLANK LEAF.

Fair page, the eye that looks on thee
Ere long shall slumber in the dust,
And wake no more until it rise;
The resurrection of the just
May he to whom that eye belong
Join their assembly and their song;
Whose is that eye? Just now 'twas mine,
But reader, when thou lookest, 'tis thine.

Forget me not when far away,
As o'er the distant world you stray;
Remember one forever true,
To truth, to friendship and to you,
And should you in your life of bliss,
E'er find a heart more true than this,
Whate'er may be your future lot,
Forget me not, forget me not.

ANGELINE.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A LADY AND THE WIND.

—o—

Written at the age of 14 years.

Lady.

Stop whistling stranger—why such haste,
Stop, ere you shortly die,
Your breath will faint, your voice will cease,
Your wings will droop with heaviness,
If you thus swiftly fly.

Wind.

Ah lady; think not so, indeed,
Your weakness you expose,
My arm is stout, my nerve is strong,
I oft lay low the forest throng,
Nor fear I human foes.

Lady.

Well you may thus my words deride,
And call me simple too;
Though you can mighty things perform,
Frighten all nature in a storm,
Of peaceful seas, huge mountains form,
Man greater things can do.

Wind.

Ah lady; you mistake I think.
Can man do more than these?
Like me, can man entirely free,
Fly swiftly o'er the mighty sea?
When scorched beneath the sultry line
Will he retire to polar's clime,
Or elsewhere as he please?

Lady.

Man's is a nobler, higher sphere,
And yet he prides in art,
He prides him in the lofty tower,
The pyramid, the towering spire,
This city and these well tilled farms
Bespeak his wisdom; but the charms
Of his bright genius, soaring high,
Now in the earth, now in the sky,
Exploring with a searching air,
Speak louder of his gifts, and share
The pride of his proud heart.

Wind.

Speak on, your words surprise my ear,
I'll listen with delight, to hear
Of things to me so new.

Lady.

Well then, this noble sphere is mind,
A soul immortal, pure,
The image of its God it bears,
With Him, ne'er dies, but ever lives,
When you and all things earthly cease,
When mountains, rocks and skies, and seas,
Shall disappear, still lives this soul;
Ranging still free, without control,
It then more swift than you, will scan
The universe and view its plan,
And reign with God secure.

THE HEART'S SECRET GRIEF.

—o—

Not every face that wears a smile
Amid the gayer scenes of life,
Nor every eye that brightly beams
Is always free from inward strife.
Oft many a gay and smiling air,
Dissemble o'er the sorrowing heart,
The brow be smooth, no wrinkle there,
Yet oft the tears unbidden start!

Beneath vain pleasure's mocking cloak,
We strive to hide our inward grief;
Those better feelings fain would choke,
And look to this world for relief.
'Tis only when the day doth vanish,
When night o'er earth her mantle throws,
Reflection then we cannot banish,
The tear unchecked then freely flows.

The face may seem devoid of care.
The placid brow, eyes sparkling bright,
Speak peace within, and yet 'tis there
Affliction spreads its withering blight;
While from this world we would conceal
Our sufferings, nor our woes impart,
A bursting sigh shall oft reveal
The anguish of a breaking heart.

—Selected.

COMPARTIVE VIEW OF THE COUNTRY AND CITY.

—o—

Written at the age of 18 years.

Where, only but in view of majestic nature, can the soul enjoy the unbounded, and unrestrained passions of wonder and curiosity? What can elevate and cheer the heart, or animate the soul of man with more lively emotions than a wild and delightful view of the works of his Creator? There is something of such exquisite beauty and grandeur in the romantic scenery of the country, that the inhabitants of thronged cities cannot comprehend. Everything seems to have a pleasing connection with the past. Every hill, every spot, and almost every bush suggests something worthy of recollection. Man is united with man, age with age, in the most sympathetic ties of friendship, and under the strongest bonds of unity; but absolute perfection is in no place exhibited. Each alike, the city and the country, has its excellencies and defects, and different prospects operate differently upon different minds. But where in general do we find contentment? In the busy throng of the tumultuous city? Beneath the spacious walls of human architecture? No; it dwells in the humble modest cot of the forest. There happiness, heightened in every prospect, and heartfelt joy is complete. And oft at even, the contented swain goes forth, to taste the balmy sweetness of the evening breeze, and view the ethereal vault. His eye is delighted with the spacious canopy of heaven and he beholds with sacred awe the vast unlimited expanse that spreads before his view. He seats him on the shady bank of some rippling stream. and there in solitude, and with a heart o'ercharged with gratitude, meditates upon the power, wisdom and benevolence of that Being, who weigheth the mountains in scales, and taketh up the isles as a very little thing.

"Every soul as it is most pure
  And hath in it the more of heavenly light,,
So it the fairer body doth procure
  To habit in, and it, more fairly delight,
  With cheerful grace and amiable sight.
For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form and doth the body make."

THERE IS NO HINDRANCE TO THE AMBITIOUS SCHOLAR.

—o—

Written at the age of 15 years

What will quell the longings of a scientific mind, or satisfy the desires of that heart whose standard of attainments is not limited to the low acquirements of ordinary genius, but whose loftier anticipations have set no bounds to scientific improvement. Whatsoever beclouds or brightens the prospects of an ambitious scholar, he is still active and constantly extracting from every object the sustenance of an ambitious and enquiring mind. Nature affords a constant feast for his soul. In the calm and delightful morning, he perhaps walks along the pathway that leads to his favorite bower, and directs his meditations to the instability of earthly things, and concentrates all his hopes in the bright mansion of his Heavenly Father. In the evening, he gazes at the sparkling canopy that o'erspreads terrestrial objects and casts a shadowy veil upon his native dwelling. Indolence finds no refuge in his bosom and things of minor consequence than moral and mental improvement, are regarded as frivolous and vain. We sometimes hear an ignorant youth plead his poverty as an apology for an uncultivated mind, while if disposed a person in low circumstances will not only acquire high intellectual attainments, but will even rise above those whom fortune has placed among the wealthy and proud. And so far from saying that immense wealth is a necessary appendage to the ambitious scholar, it is often an incumbrance, and too often creates an utter aversion to all literary pursuits. In pursuing the annals of fame, where do we look for it. Among the affluent and haughty, or among the meek and indigent? Among the proud and vain, or among the wise and humble? The only source of knowledge is from God, the author and giver of all good things, and to Him who is good in His sight, He will give wisdom, knowledge and joy.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Written at the age of 15 years.

Although wealth and power possess a vast influence in promoting the worthy honor and esteem of a country, yet literature, is indispensable with regard to the prosperity and happiness of any nation whatever. Our country may possess the wealth of the Indies, and sway the scepter of supreme power, but still with all this, without literature it is nothing. Literature is the basis of renown, and without it no country is exalted to that rank, honor and station of importance as when under the direct influence of its amazing power. And when under the dispensation of Christian faith and integrity, and honored with faithfulness and energy of zeal, it flourishes as the thrifty plant, nourished and revived through the influence of the renovating beams of the Sun. It is not wealth, power or fame which constitutes the glory of a country, but the individual prosperity, happiness, virtue and freedom of its inhabitants; and this, then, we should be the most faithful in cherishing and the most active in promoting. Our scientific and literary productions are already grown to importance and rapidly flourishing to expel the gloom and fallacious power of arbitrary superstition; to open an extensive field for the reception of all that is lofty, noble and pure, and to banish from the human heart all the revengeful and selfish passions that infest it, by presenting to the imagination the more refined and animating pleasures of science. We even now see ambition, intent upon the accomplishment of this important object, industry ready to embrace it, and honor eager to promote it. And under these favorable auspices, who can doubt that America, though even now deserving distinguished merit, may ere long be looked upon as the seat of learning, as placed upon the throne of science and weaving the unfading crown of literature. But still many of the sons of America, have even now rendered their names immortal, and though the bonds of union be dissolved, and anarchy and confusion reign, they will never be effaced from the literary heart. I can see nothing at present to oppose the progress of science in our country, at least nothing but what American perseverance will overcome; and I would cling with philanthropic emotions to the pleasures derived from habits of retirement and reflection. Let us for a moment con-

sider the foundation of the pleasures derived from this source. The individual who thus secludes himself from society, for the purpose of improvement, has leisure to review the multiplied follies of his life and compare his conduct with those whom he would select as persons of virtue and morality. He traces the various operations of his mind, and carefully examines those principles which influence it, and the more important qualities and acquirements which constitute a well regulated and well governed mind. Reflection not only affords pleasure but expands the intellect, and widens the capacity for knowledge. The mind that thirsts for knowledge loves retirement; it loves to steal from the busy crowd and seek happiness amid its own silent pursuits, and happy is that person whose leisure hours are spent in this delightful employment. There is no mental faculty that exerts a more powerful influence over the conduct and morals of mankind than meditation; and, indeed, these cannot be regulated in the least without it. Extensive reading conversation or lectures, and, indeed, instruction from enthusiastic delight, to the last and faintest hope that remained, and embrace with ardor the best methods and industriously apply them to its advancement. If we look to our own interests and to the interests of our countrymen and friends, we cannot avoid that spirit that prompts us to the acquirement of knowledge, and if this spirit is cherished and gratified we shall have made proper use of the talents committed to us. But I would speak the praises of American literature, for already I see the American scholar rising in glory and honor in the world, and grasping all in his power. I see his happiness, his uninterrupted diligence, and his inestimable prize. I see the hope that animates his heart, and in ecstacy exclaim, "what a motive to diligence."

"I slept and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke and found that life was duty.
Was then my dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously;
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noon day light and truth to thee."

"True genuine modesty is to be
Developed by the indwelling of Christianity."

LINES TO THE MOTHER OF LITTLE WILLIAM.
(Who Was Scalded to Death).

—o—

Written at the age of 15 years.

Thou gazest on that cherub brow,
Cold, motionless and still;
No sportive smile is on it now,
No joy its eyes to fill..

Its little limbs are stiff and cold,
Its throbbing heart has ceased;
Did death unclasp thy fondest hold,
When he its soul released?

Ah, mother, wherefore weepest thou?
Why steals the big tear down thy cheek?
What means the sadness of thy brow?
Hast thou no Comforter to seek?

Wouldst thou bring back his happy soul
From that bright realm above?
Erase his name from that pure roll,
And tear him from a Father's love?

And wouldst thou place him here below,
To meet the world's cold smile—
Perhaps no ray of hope to know,
When all is dark and wild?

Ah, mother, 'twas a Father's hand,
He saw and knew it best,
And took him to His "Better Land,"
To his eternal rest.

Then, mother, dry thine every tear;
For thou this truth shouldst know
God, thy Redeemer's ever near
And He inflicts the blow.

He took away thy little one,
By Him its soul was given;
Then mourn not, for thy darling son,
For he's with God in Heaven.

The gentle William weeps no more;
His varied sufferings all are o'er.
No inward struggles cloud his brow
With marks of untold suffering,now.

A little time on earth he spent,
Till God for him his angels sent,
And then on time he closed his eyes
To wake in glory in the skies.

Just like a bud of sunny spring,
That spite of kindly fostering
Is withered in its early bloom;
He sank in beauty to the tomb.

He longed to take millenial rest;
God more than granted his request,
And Satan ne'er shall lead astray
His footsteps from God's holy way.

He shines now brighter than a star
In that sweet place where angels are,
And there no sin or care can come,
'Tis better than a mother's home.

Ah! let his parents weep no more;
Their gentle boy has gone before,
And when they're laid beneath the sod,
He'll wait to welcome them to God.

TO A FRIEND OF THE MOTHER OF WILLIAM.

—o—

I ever loved the heart that loves
A fond and tender mother;
That grief and care from her resumes,
That all her ills would smother.

I love it most to see it prove,
And weep with that fond mother,
When she is called to test that love
That's equalled by no other.

When death draws out with ruthless hand
An arrow from his quiver,
And pointing to her infant band,
Bestows one to the giver.

Then when biggest tears and saddest grief,
Would fain her bosom sever,
And soothing friends would give relief,
But no relief can give her.

Oh, then! I love the heart that points
Her soul to God, her Father,
Directs to that bright hour, her thoughts,
When His shall meet together.

Then lovely is the eye that's glazed
With tears for that fond weeper,
And ever shall the heart be praised
That loves from grief to keep her.
Cornwall, April 3, 1838.

THE WIDOW'S CHARGE, AT HER DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.

Deal gently thou, whose hand has won
The young bride from its nest away,
Where, careless, 'neath the vernal sun,
She gaily caroled day by day;
The haunt is lone, the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar,
They pensive list, at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song, no more.

Deal gently with her; thou art dear
Beyond what vestal lips have told,
And like a lamb, from mountain clear
She turns confiding to thy fold.
She 'round thy sweet domestic bower,
The wreathes of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently thou, when far away,
'Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender cares decay.
The soul of woman lives in love;
And shouldst thou, wondering mark a tear
Unconscious from her eyelid break,
Be faithful—and soothe the fear
That man's strong heart can ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare;
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care;
And by thy trust to be forgiven,
When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasured hopes of heaven,
Deal gently with the widow's child.

ODE TO THE EVENING STARS.

—o—

Written at the age of 16 years.

Hail, thou bright gleaming evening star;
Thou little sparkling spot afar,
Thou gem, hung out on night's pale shroud
Far, far above the highest cloud—
No brilliant diamond shining bright
Can charm the eye with such delight.

We gaze on the unnumbered throng
While wandering carelessly along,
But when our eyes alight on thee
We sigh, and wish away to flee.
Away to ramble in the skies
Till thy fair image meets our eyes.

We mark thy early morning rays,
They tell of Sol's returning blaze,
We view thy cheerful hesper light
Succeeding her descending flight,
And oh, our souls would rise and fly
To thy bright home, the fair blue sky.

"HELP."

—o—

"My hands have often been weary hands,
Too tired to do their daily task,
And just to fold them forevermore
Has seemed the boon that was best to ask.

My feet have often been weary feet,
Too tired to walk another day;
And I've thought, to sit and calmly wait
Is better far than the onward way.

My eyes with tears have been so dim,
That I have said I cannot mark
The work I do, or the way I take,
For everywhere it is dark—so dark.

But, oh! Thank God! There never has come
That hour that makes the bravest quail,
No matter how weary my hands and feet,
God never has suffered my heart to fail.

So the folded hands take up their work,
And the weary feet pursue their way,
And all is clear when the good heart cries,
Be brave! Tomorrow's another day."

DOES AMBITION EXCITE PEOPLE TO GREATER EXERTION THAN NECESSITY?

Written at the age of 16 years.

(A Debate.)

It must be allowed that according to philosophical principles the terms employed in a debate, should be clearly and distinctly defined before proceeding to the discussion of the question. And what I mean by Ambition is a desire of power, excellence or perseverance. By Necessity, that which compels a person to exertions which will promote personal utterances. In the first place, necessity does not act in so high ranges or attempt so difficult and hazardous efforts as ambition. Has it even like ambition crossed the Alps of Switzerland, forced itself through eastern deserts, ascended the rugged mountains of the north, or wandered over the cheerless unfrequented seas of the south? Has it like ambition contended with champions or fought with haughty, arrogant kings? Has it like ambition subdued nations, overthrown kingdoms and laid cities in ashes on provinces and empires, in the world? Has it explored the subterranean regions of the earth, or the infinite number of worlds that surround it? No, not even inspected one among the variety of objects upon its surface. The range of necessity is merely what we see exhibited in common life, those things that promote temporary pleasure or perosnal enjoyment, the labor requisite in procuring the necessaries, the bodily exertions of those whose daily support depends upon them. Necessity may perhaps, elevate some one by chance, to a high station, of wealth or honor, but what avails an individual case,when thousands would be required to confute the foregoing assertion. Necessity is not engaged in the pursuit of so many important and useful objects as ambition. It has not been the result of so many successful achievements in war. It has not produced such rapid advances of arts and manufactures as ambition, though, perhaps, both might have originated in necessity. And we are well aware that they may arise to such a point that efforts resulting from necessity to maintain them will be superceded by those of ambition. Ambition has produced greater mental exertions than necessity. What but ambition has elevated the standard of education in this and other countries? What has caused

our cities to become seats of learning and literature to flourish in our towns? What but this has given courage to the orator and pride to the poet; that has excited our public speakers to test those exertions requisite for maintaining the cause in which they are engaged? Let us for a moment consider how the great mass of created intelligent beings would conduct themselves, were they not incited by any other than necessitous motives. I know that what I do from ambition, is attended with greater exertions than that from necessity, and as I individually attest this, I wish to know if it is not the same with you all?

Cornwall Debating Society, 1836.

THE BRIDE.

—o—

Oh, take her and be faithful still,
And may the bridal vow
Be sacred held in after years,
And warmly breathed as now.
Remember 'tis no common tie
That binds her youthful heart,
'Tis one that only Truth should weave,
And only Death can part.

The joy of childhood's happy hour,
The home of riper years,
The treasured scenes of early youth,
In sunshine and in tears;
The fairest hopes her bosom knew,
When her young heart was free,
Al these and more she now resigns,
To brave the world with thee.

Her lot in life is fixed with thine,
Its good and ill to share,
And well I know 'twill be her pride,
To soothe each sorrow there.
Then take her, and may fleeting time
Mark only joy's increase,
And may your days glide swiftly on
In happiness and peace.

—Selected.

KNOWLEDGE.

—o—

Written at the age of 17 years.

Come taste of Knowledge, heavenly prize,
To light us to the distant skies,
Come and enjoy her, pure and bright,
In evening, by our cheerful light.
Come share with us a mental feast,
Of all feasts, not indeed, the least.
We'll circle 'round the table spread,
Not with fresh viands or with bread.
A richer load it sure shall bear,
Of books and authors, choose with care,
These we will fondly ponder o'er,
These shall attest our love of lore.
Oh Knowledge—source of pure delight,
To Thee my spirit bends its flight.

Come, too, at early morning light,
Come, then, and woo her, pure and bright.
Ere Sol's pure orient beams arise,
To clear the darkness from our eyes.
Ere busy day's confusing hum
With all its busy care has come.
While yet the mind is calm and clear,
And nothing's nigh to interfere.
Come, then, enjoy a mental feast,
Of all feasts, not indeed the least—
Our due attention shall declare
Our pure regard for truth and lore.
Oh Knowledge, source of pure delight,
To Thee my spirit bends its flight.

Come mingle in the school house train,
Mark their endeavors, truth to gain,
Witness their application close,
To tasks their teachers hard propose.
See with what eagerness they strive,
Their fellow class-mates to out-thrive,
And then say who would such disdain.
Such joys, what mortals wou'd not claim.
Oh, here the tree of knowledge grows,
Here Liberty's fair sons arose,
And o'er these hallowed spots of love,
Shall wave fresh laurels evermore.
Oh Knowledge, source of pure delight,
To Thee my spirit bends its flight.

Oh happy be the souls that love
To wander in some shady grove,
To seek some calm, some blessed retreat,
So pure, 'twere seeming heaven complete.
And there some favorite volume choose,
Some much-loved author there peruse,
And there perhaps some friend prefer
With whom upon them to confer.
Ah, who so blessed below the skies,
Such heaven-born joys—who would not prize.
Oh Knowledge, source of pure delight,
To Thee my spirit bends its flight.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A FRIEND.

—o—

Written at the age of 18 years.

(Vergenes, May 24, 1838.)

I do not think to work a name
Or praises for poetic fame
In these dull lines.
I only wish to fan a flame
And make increasing warmth my aim
In these dull lines.

A kind memento it may serve
Of love from which I ne'er shall swerve
In these dull lines.
But for your worth—your coy reserve
You get not half what you deserve
In these dull lines.

I might attempt your heart to show
In all its beauty, warmth and glow
In these dull lines.
But, oh; I could not half bestow
Or paint thy bosom's faintest glow
In these dull lines.

But Mary when I'm far away,
Ad, oh! I feel the whole I say,
In these dull lines.
Remember her, one who e'er will pray
For sunshine on her every day,
Who now receives this humble lay
In these dull lines.

ON SEEING AN AGED BEGGAR IN THE STREET.

—o—

Written at the age of 17 years.

Oh hasten poor beggar man, weary and worn,
Thy locks are quite gray, and thy beard is not shorn.
Thy feet are quite naked ,thy head is quite bare,
Oh hasten to warm thee, and food we'll prepare.

Oh what has thy lot been and what thy hard fate,
That thou, thus so aged, art wandering so late,
Oh hast thou not better reward for thy toil,
Than the shelterless sky and the hard beaten soil?

Oh, hast thou no sister, no friend or no wife,
To cheer thee in trouble, assuage thy hard life?
Or art thou all lonely, all sad and all meek,
With no earthly friend save poor Trip at thy feet?

Oh, what are thy prospects, but sorrow and gloom,
Or hast thou a prospect beyond the dark tomb?
Does Hope's cheering ray ever gleam o'er thy mind,
And hast thou a refuge in God ever kind?

Methinks, poor old beggar, I hear you now say
How can "I your kindness and pity repay?
My purse is quite empty, but I'll never repine
I've a heart that beats quickly and kindly as thine.

When young, I was active and busy and gay,
And hope beamed upon me her bright, cheering ray.
But fate had designed me a sailor to rove,
And thus on the foaming seas, since I have strove.

Across the wide Ocean I have a dear wife,
And three smiling children—if God spare their life,
But oh, cruel wild winds have driven me here,
To wail out my poor life in sorrow and fear.

Thus, thus has my lot been, and thus my hard fate,
But I trust I've a mansion beyond the dark state,
When days of deep darkness and nights of sad wail
Shall never this poor aching body assail."

"Every action in life touches on some
Chord that will vibrate in Eternity."

LINES OCCASIONED BY BEING ABSENT FROM HOME ENGAGED IN TEACHING.

—o—

Written at the age of 17 years.

(Monday Morning, June 27, 1837.)

Whose is a happier sphere than mine? Or
Who so blessed as I am, when fair aurora
Decks the summer morn with every charm
And wakes the winged musicians from their
Restive sleep to fill the world with melody
Exceeding far the mimicry of art
And calls forth Zephyrus from her Western
Home, to fan the morn with her reviving breath
And wake all things to life and joy;
Who then so happy as myself, say I
To haste away with lithesome heart
To yon low puny cot, to meet perhaps, some
Twenty children of a country clan, of
Neat attire, and rude appearance; modest
Though, and gentle, kind, happy and contented,
Ambitious each, the others to excel
In their respective tasks; and proud to think
Of knowing more and more each day. These—these
The sunny day enjoy, entrusted to
My care. And I, the while remuneration
Share, to see their growing minds, with knowledge
Frought. Such cots as these, so often met with
On the country plain, or in the thicket glen,
Or on the south hill side, or on the fair
And modest villa green, bespeak a nation wise
Wise, and fond of lore; and fills the heart
Of him, on whom fair science deigns to cast
Her lucid beams, with elevated joy.

Ah, yes; 'twas in a place like this, that first
A Newton's mind expanded, first a White's
Or Franklin's. Or aught of whom the world may
Boast, as votaries of exalted science.
Here friendship first unites young hearts, with
Ever during ties; and each succeeding
Year adds strength, till manhood comes, and then by
Death old age dissolves the earthly union
For bonds now ind'ssolubly strong in
Realms of bliss above. Whose lot than mine more
Joyous and refined, than tender minds, to
Bend for future good and give to early thought
A sense of right and wrong, and eagerly

Observe the first faint glimmerings of latent
Powers, unfolding into action.
Ah, thus will I repay the anxious care
Of those who thus for me have toiled, and on
My younger mind—bestowed such pains as well
Deserves my utmost thanks; and ever will
I think of them with kindest love.

Oh my best wishes too, and best regard
Shall rest on those dear spots, where first the
Mind, rude and unpolished, (like the marble
In the quarried mine, ere the skilled sculptor
Puts its beauties on) begins to dazzle
Forth its faculties inherent. These seats
Of learning are the firmest props a
Nation holds, of honor, happiness, of
Worth or wealth; and to sustain them I will
Do my best. So haste Angela to your daily task.

LIFE.

Life, I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part,
And when or how, or where we met
I own, to me's a mystery yet.
Life, we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning.
Choose thine own time,
Say not good night,, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning.

—Selected.

"The kindest and happiest pair
Will oft have reason to forbear,
Find something every day they live
To pity and perhaps forgive."

"Strength for today is all we need,
As there never will be a tomorrow;
For tomorrow will prove but another today
With its measure of joy and sorrow."

A PARAPHRASE ON THE LAST FIVE VERSES OF THE TENTH CHAPTER OF ST. LUKE.

Written at the age of 17 years

(Addressed to My Sister Mary.)

Jesus the holy Son of God
And his disciples, lovely band,
At Martha's house in Bethany
Retire and entertainment find.

While Martha served with busy care
And hastened to prepare them food
See Mary—Martha's sister dear
At Jesus' feet, how meek, how good.

With what sweet words from Jesus' lips,
Was Mary's happy heart then cheered
How blessed was her humble seat,
What glorious counsels then she heard.

But Jesus, Master, Martha said,
Bid Mary some kind help afford;
See how I labor, she instead
Feasts well her soul with thy rich word.

Martha, Martha, Jesus replied,
Let not this world engage your heart;
One thing is needful, much preferred
And Mary hath this better part.

While you are careful of this life
Anxious its flattering smiles to share
See Mary humble at my feet
Sweet piety her only care.

Now Mary may this Mary's choice
Be your rich portion evermore;
And may you at His feet rejoice
Who cruel pangs for sinners bore.

"Make a little fence around today,
Fence it in with loving words and therein stay;
Look not through the sheltering bars upon tomorrow,
God will help thee bear what comes of joy or sorrow."

PARTING LINES TO MY DEAR FRIEND MARY.

Written at the age of 18 years.

Ah, why did Providence to me allow
So lovely friends; or one so dear as thou—
And why, Oh fate, has thou so soon decreed
From friends, and home and all, my steps to lead?

For I must soon another air inhale
Far from Vermont, in Mississippi's vale
Where, whether joy or sorrow shall attend
No smiles of thine can their mlid influence blend.

But oh, I never will forget that voice
Whose utterance mild, I oft have made my choice
When busier tongues with half less sweetness fraught
Have plied in vain, in vain my smiles have sought.

Nor e'er forget the glances of those eyes
Whose tender radiance beams as from the skies
Whose speaking fullness oft has fixed my gaze
Till fancy fraught them with angelic rays.

And oft shall fancy paint that roseate hue
On those flushed cheeks—enchanting to my view,
Sweet the remembrance—but ah, sweeter this
That those flushed cheeks have felt my warmest kiss

Wild is my fancy; Thou wild dream—away—
Let reason exercise her nobler sway—
And let to God my orisons ascend,
For Heaven to guard thee—Heaven to ere befriend.

And if to Heaven I raise my prayers again
For blessings on thee, will those prayers be vain?
Ah, Mary, no—for faith the while bespeaks
That my fond prayer the richest favor seeks.

Should now prophetic vision wrap my soul
And the full page of future fate unroll,
Would characters emblazoned there, portray
A life of joy, a life of cloudless day?

Or would cold sorrow like—
(That ever dark concomitant of life)
To press his heavy hand upon thy face
And every line of love and joy erase?

It matters not, if in that western vale
A garb of grief and joy my heart empale
No—it shall ever feel its purest flame
At the mere mention of a cherished name.

Oh! think you not, that my reverting eye
Will often turn toward its native sky?
And that my feet will often wish to roam
About the fields encircling once—my home?

And will not, too, those early school-day scenes
Where joyous eyes have shot enraptured gleams
Where heart with kindred heart in concert beats
And each kind smile a kinder answer meets.

Will not these, too, be very near my heart
Since thou, dear friend hast formed so loved a part?
And will not, too our ever mutual tears
Embalm the memory of those bygone years?

But thoughts like these chase countless thoughts
along
And fain would swell a weary endless song.
But she to whom these measures are addressed
She feels them all within her faithful breast.

She never can forget those Sabbath hours
When holiest themes engaged our holiest powers
When from pure streams, our thirsty souls have
quaffed
The flowing sweetness of an Angel's draught.

And when at church she sees my vacant seat
And she no more can hear my entering feet
Oh, Heaven, for me, will know her anxious fears
While each for other mingles prayers with tears.

Thou knowest that from thy first love for me
My kindest love has been bestowed on thee
Thou knowest, how with unremitting care
The purest friendship we have loved to share.

That friendship grew from day to day
Beneath the sunshine of love's warmest ray
And Knowledge, Virtue, Love, have been the while
The happy themes our minutes to beguile.

But oh, this heart by fate's relentless hand
Must find a refuge in a stranger land
Must transfer there, all fearless, fond and free
The pure affections it has formed for thee.

And deem not thou that there they will congeal
Or that this heart will ever cease to feel
It never can, within the pale of time,
Or while thou livest, in whatever clime.

But it is so; and must I say adieu?
Adieu forever to a friend like you?
Ye Powers above—with these last accents, send
A thousand blessings on thy worthy friend.

Around her pathway shed Celestial light,
And guard her spirit from misfortune's blight,
Let every grace in sweet accord combine
To mould her heart as pure and loved as thine.

And, oh! protect her on Death's darksome hour
When o'er her form shall steal its chilling power
Then, let hope's bright beams upon her rise
And plume her pinions for the upper skies.

And may we meet in those bright realms above
To tune our ceaseless songs of love,
With this last wish—my bursting heart must tell
To thee—a long—perhaps a last farewell.

Her Friend Mary died in less than a year.

AN ALBUMEAN PRESENT.

—o—

Written at the age of 18 years.

(To My Friend Sarah.)

The stars that nightly shine so pure,
The Sun's bright beams by day obscure;
Their milder less effulgent rays,
Are lost amidst a brighter blaze;
Yet not the less their forms are fair
And not less brightly shine they there.
Thus here, the names that meet thy eye,
And dazzle bright on friendship's sky,
Dispersing on thy raptured sight,
The brightness of empyreal light;

May dark eclipse my humble name,
Amid their brighter, purer flame.
Yet not the less 'twould faithful be,
And not less fondly cherished thee.
My lowly strains in accent clear,
Would fain fall gently on thy ear,
And, mingled with love's warmest swell,
Would kindly speak a last farewell.
For fate with stern, unyielding hand,
Points yonder to a stranger land,
And time speeds on the darksome day,
That thence must bear your friend away.
But oh, wheree'er my footsteps roam
I still will love my early Home;
I'll love the playmates of my early youth
(And tears forth gushing speak the truth,)
O were the future unrevealed
Its mystic volumes all unsealed,
Would joy or grief be mine to share
Or peaceful rest or anxious care?
'Tis all as well—enough we know
To learn that joy must mix with woe;
That smiles oft prelude pain and tears,
And brightest hopes oft end in fears;
But why that Providence distrust
Whose hand Divine is therefore just?
If God beholds a sparrow's fall
And sees around as Lord of all
Shall I be faithless or shall I
Unnoticed live, unnoticed die?
An infinite unbounded stretch
To notice me a worthless wretch.
On life's tempestuous sea we ride,
Where frightful storms our paths betide,
Where fearful waves around us roar,
And thick impending tempests lower,
But He still lives, whose high behest,
Once calmed the troubled waves to rest,
And when wild fears our bosoms fill,
Will kindly answer, "Peace be Still."
But, oh, farwell—may virtue shed
Its brightest lustre o'er thy head,
And may thou through life's darksome way,
Prepare for realms of endless day;
And may we in yon world above
Sing ceaseless strains of endless love.

CHRIST'S CHILDHOOD.

Written at the age of 17 years.

Of earth-born beings, who could ask
More than was Mary's lot, the task
(If such it may be called) to rear
Witn tender care her offspring dear;
For who before, such prize has won
Who else can claim a spotless son?

Where in the annals of the world
Has priest or prophet ever told
Of one so fair, so pure a child
By nothing stained, by nought defiled?
Or in what philosophic school
Has e'er been trained by wisest rule
A youth from every vice so free
As was this soul in infancy.

Think, how in every word and thought
His parent's happiness he sought;
A word in anger never spoke
Ne'er raised his hand to deal a stroke
Nor ever by a giddy heart,
Was he allured to folly's part;
But e'er maintained strict virtue's side
And wept to see the foolish glide
With fleeting steps, down death's dark tide.

What mixture pure of fond delight
And love, the mother felt at night
To trace his actions through the day
And find to mourn no childish fray
No raging passion quick to chide,
No hasty, willful fault to hide

But fondly mark his mind mature
E'er age had made his manhood sure.
Oh, how she loved to linger o'er
The lovely traits his actions bore
To see his gratitude and love
His gentleness and kindness prove
His wisdom from a world above.

Alone a monument he stands
Of spotless, pure unblemished hands,
No sin-stained deed hotly he e'er wrought

Nor no foul purpose ever sought.
But why of Him attempt to show
By words, what words can ne'er bestow.

Among the names of human race
Who pedigree from Adam trace,
Not one in truth can disclaim sin;
Ah, no; the monster reigns within;
And sways his victim's yielding will
His murderous office to fulfill.

But this blest being, heavenly prize,
This child, immaculate and wise,
The Son of God, through David's line,
The Son of Mary, heir divine,
Hath never sinned; Ah, he alone,
The tempter had not power to own.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A FRIEND.

Written at the age of 18 years.

A thousand wishes I would wish you—
A thousand blessings fain bestow,
As many days of pleasure give you,
Were I fitting thus to do.

Would you ask a tender tribute—
From a heart that loves you well,
Would you ask one more expressive
Than a tender sigh can tell?

Would you ask a kind memento—
On this consecrated page,
If a tear drop chance to follow,
Will it firmer love engage?

Would you wish a fond expression—
Of my often told regard,
Would you wish me more to mention,
Than my name—that simple word?

"No life is pure in its purpose or strong in its strife, but all life is made purer and stronger thereby."

FRIENDSHIP.

—o—

Written at the age of 18 years.

"Friends but few on earth, and therefore dear."
—Pollock.

Are there on earth but few indeed
Who friendship's leadings love to lead?
Are there but few whose souls are near
And "knit together," "therefore dear?"

Are there but few who love to lave
In friendship's pure and limpid wave,
Around whose happy hearts entwine
Affection's tendrils—plant divine.

The sweets of friendship never cloy
Do not these few these sweets enjoy?
The sweets of friendship never fail,
On these do not these few regale?

Oh, we will join the happy "few,"
And friendship's lovely charms pursue,
Yes ever 'round our hearts shall twine
The tendrils of this plant Divine.

And we will "knit" our souls so strong
Not even Death, shall part us long,
For Heavenward we will stretch our wings
When its dark pall it o'er us flings.

Then we will tune our highest lays,
The God, who made us friends, to praise—
And all the host shall catch the flame,
And friendship, claim immortal name.

"THE THREE REQUISITES TO A JUST IMAGINATION."

—o—

"An eye that can see nature.
A heart that can feel nature.
A resolution that dare follow nature."

I LOVE THEE DEAREST MARY.

—o—

Written at the age of 19 years.

When gentle breezes swiftly play
Their farewell to the parting day,
When twilight's silence all profound
And twilight's shadows linger 'round,
When distant notes frem herded throng
Blend with the streams their vesper song,
Oh, then, if thou art sad and lone
Hear thy Angeline's soothing tone,
"I love thee, Dearest Mary."

When morning birds and fragrant dew
Another busy day renew;
When morning skies serenely bright,
Reflect on earth their purest light,
When morning flowers to Sun and air
Their little chalices unbare;
And all is fresh and calm and still,
And holiest thoughts thy bosom fill,
Oh, then, if thou art sad and lone,
Hear thy Angeline's soothing tone,
"I love thee, Dearest Mary."

When pleasure streams run clear and h'gh
And bright its waves before thee lie,
When summer joys around thee flow,
And friends their kindest smiles bestow,
When o'er thy charmed, thy raptured soul,
The sweetest sounds in transports roll,
Then blended, hear Angelia's song,
Borne on the dewy gale along,
"I love thee, Dearest Mary."

But should misfortune's icy grasp
In its cold arms my Mary clasp,
And with its wild its chilling breath,
Sweep o'er thy form its blasts of death,
Should thou, dear friend, become a prey
To sorrow's sad unfeeling sway,
If paths of woe thy feet shall track,
And deepest grief thy bosom rack,
Then let thy burdened spirit rise
Above the bright, the fair blue skies,
To Him, who yields that peace alone,
Thy grief-bound soul would call its own.

Remember, too, Angeline's soul,
Though widest seas between us roll,
Shall never from its purpose swerve,
Faithful at Friendship's shrine to serve,
Whatever paths thy feet pursue,
Think of that soul as ever true,
Wherever it shall find a home,
Let thither thy loved spirit roam,
My kindest wishes on thee rest,
Thy life with purest joys be blest,
And while I say this last adieu,
Let me the darling theme renew,
"I love thee, Dearest Mary."

Cornwall, Vt., May 20, 1839.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A FRIEND.

—o—

Written at the age of 18 years.

Though those alone of present worth
Deserve thy memories' faithful prayer,
Yet while I have a home on earth
May I not humbly claim thy care?

And though dark fate exiles me far,
Where strangers I shall only find,
Vermont shall be my memory's star,
And lure me back to friends behind.

And though I may not think to share
The ills and storms that life betide,
One star as brilliant as the Sun
Alone our wandering feet can guide.

That star is virtue—bright it sheds
Its lustre o'er life's darksome way,
And beams upon bewildered heads
The brightness of Celestial day.

And one there lives, whose watchful eye
Is ever on the lowly—wise,
Who kindly hears the humble cry
From his bright realm above the sky.

Then we will trust in His kind care
And in his powerful arm confide,
Till we may bliss with angels share
Far, far beyond time's troubled tide.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A COUSIN, SHELDON PARMERLY.

—o—

Written at the age of 18 years.

This young man was studying for the ministry and died just as he was to begin his life work.

Why; visions of the dead—why make me start?
Oh, thoughts of one beloved—Why rend the heart?
Oh, pangs of deep regret—why tear the soul?
And floods of living grief—why o'er the bosom roll?

'Tis all for Sheldon, his sad seeming fate,
To die, when hopes were highest—heart elate,
When joys were brightest, life itself most dear,
When every tie seemed strengthened to retain him here.

Could I portray the virtues of this youth
In all the glowing lustre of their truth,
I'd set them forth, a tribute to his praise
And they should guide the world to imitate his ways.

For all who knew him, loved his pious worth
And ranked him with the happy "few on earth;"
Even impious souls, his words of love embraced,
And ne'er from one fond heart, will his memory be erased.

Oh, what well-meaning love-fraught schemes of good
What hopes of rendering the Redeemer's blood,
The sanctifying draught, to sin-bound hearts,
Are crushed and rent, to Sheldon, in death's recent darts.

What disappointment seized him, when the thought
Rushed o'er him, that he must so soon depart—
So soon leave those who shared his early toys,
And claimed with him, parental smiles, and childhood's joys.

But mark what joys light up his visage now,
What looks of rapture kindle on his brow;
His deathless spirit triumphs to unite,
His Mother, Angels, Sainted Spirits—in delight.

He thirsted here for goodness and for God,
He now, we trust, reaps his deserved reward,
And while his purer spirit shines on high,
We treasure up his worth, and in his God rely.

EPITHALAMIUM, (A Nuptial Feast.)

Written at the age of 19 years.

'Twas a bright happy day, but as bright were the scenes
That enlivened its gay passing hours.
For brighter the hopes on which innocence beams
Than the sunshine today, with tomorrow's dark showers.

(Chill blasts may sweep o'er them, and seem for awhile
To have cast them on Death's frozen shore,
But quickly they brighten and sweeter they smile
When the breath of the blast is gone o'er.)

'Tis enough; 'twill awake happy thoughts in the mind
Of the noble and guiltless and pure
That hands were united in Hymen's soft bands
And love in soft ties was secure.

Like two beautiful streams as they roll on the way
And ripple and dance in the sun,
Till meeting and mingling in magic display
To the fathomless Ocean they run.

So thus, may bright streams of affection and love
From fountains of purity run,
So thus, in smooth channels as peacefully move
Till commingled together in one.

Then fairer the green banks, sweeter the flowers
That lave their bright cups on its breast,
And swiftly it passes the evergreen bowers
That on its bright shores are at rest.

Then, gathering beauty and strength as it flows
To the fathomless "Ocean of Rest,"
It gently rolls on, till it rests on the shores
That repose on the land of the Blest.

I wished those fond beings that ever as sure
The bright Sun of Hope might arise,
That sorrows and shadows might never obscure
The light of that sun from their eyes.

I wished them contentment, and pleasure and joy,
And (if ever a wish was sincere),
It was that their pleasures might find no alloy
With the false ones that flatter us here.

FRIENDSHIP.

—o—

Written at the age of 18 years.

Oh, friendship; sacred plant, transplanted from
The rich nursery of Heaven, to earth's
Cold, barren, soil. Retaining still from thence
Its beautiful and tender foliage,
Lively hues, and rich and luscious fragrance.
And this for what? To wither, fade and die?
And thus on all the rest, throw out a rank
And putrid odor, and taint them deeper
With pollution, even now too deep? No;
Not thus to prove a curse, a bitter thing;
But, ah, a gift from God, a plant from Heaven;
Here even here, to thrive and stretch high o'er
The rest, its leafy boughs, and serve a kind
Protector—a beacon bright, to ward them
'Gainst approaching ill. Yet more—to twine its
Clasping tendrils 'round our hearts, and draw us
Nearer, closer, firmer to each other—
An emblem thus, of the pure love, that fills
The angelic hosts of heaven.
Oh friendship—hallowed name; we crave thy
Signet on our fervent hearts and ever
Mean to bear about thy lovely image.
We mean to be that "few on earth" who dare
To claim thee. Oh, may thou ever thrive—Yes,
Ever find congenial soil in our fond
Hearts. There, pruned and cultivated, may thou never
Cease to thrive, till Death shall call us hence. And
May thou ever when we've bid adieu to
Earth, find other hands to rear thee, till the
Last trump shall sound to an unnumbered throng.
The knell of time departed. May then the
Angel of the Lord transplant thee, in thy
Native clime—thy happy paradise—where
The hosts of Heaven, will ever love to
Cherish and adore thee. There may thou bloom
Through never-ending ages and a long
A long Eternity.

—o—

"Friendship of all ties most binds the heart,
And faith in friendship is the noblest part."

"ONE STEP MORE."

What though before me it is dark,
Too dark for me to see,
I ask but light enough for one step more,
'Tis quite enough for me.

Each little humble step I take,
The gloom clears from the next,
So though 'tis very dark beyond,
I never am perplexed.

And if sometimes the mist hangs close,
So close, I fear to stray,
Patient I wait a little while
And soon it clears away.

I would not see my further path
For mercy veils it so,
My present steps might harder be,
Did I the future know.

It may be that my path is rough,
Thorny and hard, and steep;
And knowing this my strength might fail
Through fear and terror deep.

It may be that it winds along
A smooth and flowing way,
But seeing this I might despise
The journey of today.

Perhaps my path is very short,
My journey nearly done;
And I might tremble at the thought
Of ending it so soon.

Or if I saw a weary length
Of road that I must wend,
Fainting I'd think my feeble powers
Will fail me ere the end.

And so I do not wish to know
My journey or its length,
Assured that through my Father's love,
Each step will bring its strength.

Thus, step by step I onward go,
Not looking far before,
Trusting that I shall always have
Just light enough for "One step more."

I THINK OF FRIENDS WITH ME AND FRIENDS FAR AWAY.

Written at the age of 18 years.

When the cares of the day absorbingly seem
To envelope my mind in a dark hazy dream,
When I carelessly seem every friend to forget,
And no one scarce dreams, I a thought can beget,
When youthful emotions of joy and delight
Seem to render me buoyant, and cheerful and light.
Whether cheerful or gloomy, or silent or gay,
I think of friends with me and friends far away.

When the soft breath of morning, embalmed with the dew
Invigorates all nature, all nature anew,
When I at my window, am seated the while,
Ere the Sun's beaming graces, have drawn forth a smile,
Enjoying the "thinking, and feeling and loving,"
Which the fond heart enjoys in this hour of the morning,
Oh, then, when thoughts travel with lightning's swift ray,
I think of friends with me and friends far away.

When the Sun, low-descending, throws brightly behind,
A ray to enliven and cheer the lone mind,
When solitude's silence and charms I possess,
And soft winds breath lightly and wild flowers caress,
When too their soft breathings I feel on my cheek,
And I, welcoming meet them, in some calm retreat,
Oh then, when thoughts travel with lightning's swift ray,
I think of friends with me and friends far away.

PRAYER.

Written at the age of 19 years.

Go when the morning shineth,
  Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
  Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
  Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
  Do thou in secret, pray.

Remember all who love thee;
  And all who are loved by thee;
Omit all who are loved by thee;
  If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness,
  A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
  Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
  In solitude to pray;
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
  When friends are round thy way,
E'en the silent breathing
  Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
  Who is Mercy, Truth and Love.

Oh, not a joy or blessing
  With this can we compare,
The power that He hath given us,
  To pour our souls in prayer;
Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
  Before his footstool fall,
And remember in thy gladness,
  His grace who gave thee all.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun,
views from thy hand no worthy action done."

TO MARY, (My Sister.)

—o—

Mary, it is a lovely name,
Thrice hallowed in the rolls of fame,
Not for the blazonry of mirth,
Nor honors springing from the earth;
But what Evangelists have told,
Of three who bore that name of old;
Mary, the Mother of our Lord,
Mary, who sat to hear His word,
And Mary Magdeline to whom
He came, while weeping o'er his tomb,
These to that humble name apply
A glory which can never die.
Mary, my prayer for you shall be,
May you in pious love be all the three.

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